

Apples and Gold

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Apples and Gold

by [tbhyourelame](#)

Summary

Late at night on the SMP, Dream wanders over dark forests and through quiet skies that bring him comfort on the worst of days.

Sometimes, George joins him.

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aka small snippets about a night where the boys roam around the SMP and try to act like they're not in love (minecraft but irl)

Notes

helloo I wrote this while very tired when staying up late to finish coursework :) its basically unedited and fairly stream of consciousness for me so I just wanted to upload for fun. ty for reading <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

In the early mornings when the sun climbs over the deforested horizon, and litters of mobs gently are set aflame, the SMP stutters into life. Players slowly pop into the dawn world with bright eyes and sweet welcomes on their tongues. Projects and bustle and hopping from conversations builds as the light rises, and rises, till noon washes over the awnings of flower shops and footsteps rumble on oak pathways. People come and go from homes, to market, to L'manburg, to the beyond. Patches

of dirt-empty holes absently multiply. The cows diminish without much thought.

Day is sunny, and boisterous, and packed with anticipated architecture plans and light-hearted territorial disputes. Laughter carries into the phantom-less sky. Some days, sharp wit turns to sharp daggers and the players fall, and respawn, and bleed, and walk it off. Day is complicated.

Sunset slowly brings calm; glowstone lanterns humming into dusk, leaves fading into dark silhouettes. Voices growing tired, and worn, and slipping from noise one by one until it's just the stars and water and reflections left in the quiet.

In the solitude of late night, Dream places leathered palms to ladder and heaves himself upwards to the highest height of Eret's tower. He traces his fingers along the stone walls and grips the block as he clambers, gracefully, to rest on the lonely ledge. The backs of his boots tap the winded moss growing on the outer-side. A breeze ripples through the green fabric connected loose to his neck and back, pooling against the stone.

Under the tip of his nose, beneath the soles of his shoes, gentle glowing orange spots of warmth dapple the dark land, and gold meanders through silent trails. The moon passes under clouds and for once, he can revel in the night, in the beauty of the world he fights so hard to maintain.

Some nights, George joins him.

"This doesn't surprise me," George says, and Dream removes his mask down from his cheeks.

He turns to see him through the stone archway, and smiles. "Does anything?"

George pats away the leftover dirt from the ladder's rungs on his palms. In the collar of his layered, soft dark blue crewneck hangs the white goggles that often bury in his earthy hair. Dream watches as he, with mindless repetition, dismantles the glowing purple chest plate pinned to his ribs and stores it away.

"Busy day today," George states, and begins to lift his narrow thighs over the tower's edge. He shifts unsteadily, and Dream takes a hand in his to stabilize him as he sits. "Thanks."

Dream hums in response. Their hands rest on the cobble space between them, George's fingers cool against the leather wrapped up the length of Dream's forearms. They do not let go.

"Tommy's a prick," Dream says, and George laughs.

"Of course. He's *sixteen*."

"I wasn't like that when I was sixteen," Dream counters, and George gives him a playful, doe-eyed look. "Maybe I was."

George smiles.

Dream tilts up his chin defiantly.

George gives his hand a squeeze, and Dream wants to kiss him.

The solitude of a darkened sky often brings them to the ledge, finally alone after hours of skirting in other conversations and dancing around prying audiences and weighty words.

Dream loves the nights the most, because he can do this:

He raises George's slender hand, presses his cheek into the bare knuckles, and sighs.

“You’re a dork,” George says.

Dream meets his dark eyes fondly. “Mhm.”

He lets go as he reaches for the glasses hanging from George’s collar, gently sliding them from cloth and slipping them over his own face.

His vision tints purple and cool blues. He nudges the white plastic up the bridge of his nose.

“Thoughts?” He asks.

George grins. “Looks good.”

Dream tips his head down, peering at George over the top of the frames. “Oh yeah?”

George shakes his head in warning.

Dream laughs as George gingerly retrieves the goggles, and adjusts them against his neck.

“So do you have any plans for tomorrow?” George questions, crossing his arms over his middle absently. The wind softly ruffles his hair.

“Hm,” Dream wraps a warm, sturdy arm over George’s shoulders, “not really. I don’t want to think about it.”

He pulls George closer to his side.

George leans his head into him. “What do you want to think about?”

“Nothing,” Dream says, “I’m fine just to be here, for now.”

“Me too,” George sighs.

They gently watch the stars and lights twinkle in the sea of darkness beneath them, and it is beautiful.

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“Credit where credit is due,” George says, “I think it’s nice.”

Dream nudges a squeaky minecart towards George, the dirtied rust leaving traces on his fingertips. “It’s ugly. Dunno why he’d make something like this.”

The cart rolls slowly towards George along the rails, and he stops it easily with the tip of his shoe. “You’re so cynical.”

They wander further down the empty coaster path, dark shadows of trees hugging the low ground beneath them. Meters and meters down, soil churns under spider legs and rattling bones. Dream doesn’t bother looking.

“Is there anything here that you do like?” George asks, studying him from several strides in front.

“I like you,” Dream says warmly.

George smiles, and turns away. He stretches his arms out wide, and paces forward with toe to heel as though he’s balancing on top of the world. “Oh yeah?”

Dream reaches the dusty minecart and clambers into it, hanging his knees over the front. Languidly, he watches George teeter.

“Do you ever sleep, George?” He asks.

George’s arms fall to his side as he stills. “Not at night.”

Dream extends a hand to the rail beneath him, and gently pushes against the ground, rolling forward. “Why’s that?”

George looks back at him, and says nothing.

Dream raises his eyebrows.

George pulls a glowing ender pearl into his palm, his fingers wrapping around the orb as he tilts his head up to the stars, and tosses it with graceful motion.

Dream watches it soar, nearly missing when George takes a step backwards to the edge.

He gives Dream a smirk, then leans off and lets himself tip back into the black depths below.

Dream sits up in his cart to watch as George, with peaceful silence, is swallowed by the darkness. He waits in the quiet.

A spurt of blue dust clouds the track inches before Dream, and as the particles subside, George reappears with a huff.

Dream smiles. “You’re dramatic.”

“I am not,” George says, moving closer to lean forward over the cart. His hands find the sides of the metal.

Dream gazes up at him. “You are—mmph.”

George kisses him. His lips and breath are warm, he smells like apples and gold.

Dream’s hands raise to gently cup his face, savoring his mouth for a moment longer.

George steps away.

“Hey,” Dream says, winded.

George laughs into the still air, and turns to continue balancing along the rails that wind endlessly into the crisp-fall night.

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“Why here?” Dream asks, gently shaking the dirt from the ridged bottoms of his boots.

George ducks his head under the soil overhang and turns silhouetted in the water-ceilinged room.

Dream pulls his trident in hand, and nudges the spokes to George’s shoulder.

“Not for that,” George says in a polite decline. Traces of moonlight ripple and bend in the trapped river above them. They dance across his clothes and linger on his skin.

Dream stores the weapon away.

He reaches two fingertips to touch the suspended liquid. Droplets dribble down his hand.

“The roof is gone,” he says.

George kneels to untie his laces. “I know.”

Dream tilts his head, staring up into the mob-less trap. “It won’t work like this.”

“I know.” With shoes discarded in the soft brown dirt, George steps onto Dream’s toes. “Trust me.”

Dream’s hands fall to either side of his waist.

George grabs onto the oak signs brushing the tips of Dream’s hair, and hoists himself up into the dark mass of fluid water.

Submerged in weightless gravity, George glances down with lips clamped shut and arms treading in slow circles.

Dream squeezes through the tight-signed gaps and joins him.

Warmth caresses his undried clothes and slips through his fingers as he swims, up, higher, to hover next to George.

His hair floats.

George suppresses a smile. Small bubbles escape his lips.

Dream slips his palms under George's shoulders, and sends a few strong kicks below their feet until they're gliding upwards towards the roofless sky.

On their rise, he holds his breath and pulls George’s mouth against his own. Slick water slips between their tongues and softens the connection of gentle skin. George’s hands bury into the fabric on his chest as it moves with currents separate from his body.

They breach the surface.

George pulls away, and his gasps for brisk air turn into keen laughter.

Dream hooks an arm over the dirt edge, and they bob in contended rhythm of the waves they’d made. Their legs and feet tangle together in the temperate water.

His hand falls to the small of George’s back, and he pulls him closer. “Is this what you wanted to show me?”

George nods to the land beyond, and pushes back the sopping hair flattened to his forehead. “Look.”

Dream looks.

Far beneath their warm-watered haven, the moon tiptoes across the ocean’s surface and washes the sandy shores pale. The world stretches for eons on the vast horizon. Their existence seems at once magnificent, and meaningful, and blinking, and meaningless on the precipice of the desolate server.

He returns to George’s fond gaze with a beaming smile, and asks, “can we stay forever?”

End Notes

short and sweet, just missed the boys and wanted to post some more informal / one shot writings on here for once. the 3 places they visit are one of eret's towers, tommy's coaster, and the "trident" spawner shown on a stream the other day. ik my tired language can be confusing lol, i love all the sweet support you've given & thank you again for being patient with me

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!